

HOT DOG

The Regular fellows
Monthly

Vol. 1 No. 3
November
1921

PRICE
TWO BITS



Thanks Gents, Thanks!



"Honi Soit Qua Mal y Pense"

"Evil to Him Who Evil Thinks"

—Motto of William The Conqueror and of Hot Dog.

Hot Dog. We knocked 'em cold!

This, the third issue of our little Journal of Uplift, will have 200,000 circulation.

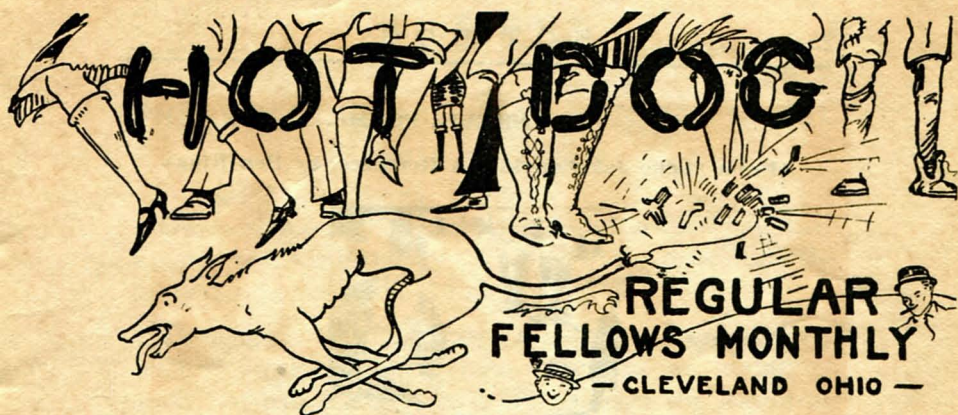
From Calgary to Tampa, from the Presbyterian wilds of Vermont to the adulterous paradise of Hollywood they are acclaiming the Dog.

The people of America are not a flock of bluenoses.

Joy and love of joy are still pretty widespread in America.

We started with a little misgiving.

"Surely," we thought, "these same Americans who submit so tamely to the strong arm stuff of the Sunday School law makers have lost their taste for great-hearted, generous humor.



JACK DINSMORE, Editor

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THANKS GENTS, THANKS,---Cont.

"Surely Laughter Holding Both His Sides has been banished from these States by the sour-stomach sextons of the backwoods."

But nay, Bozo, nay!

Did we go over big? Oh Lizzie! We can't print 'em fast enough.

We get appreciations by the potful. We're proud of 'em.

We also get letters telling us we're immoral and ought to be scotched. We're proud of 'em.

You have never seen—you never will see—advocated in this magazine Immorality, or Infidelity, or Disloyalty.

We play up no Arbuckle cases for the eager perusal of the Ladies' Aid Society.

We urge no grandiloquent social reforms, incidentally drawing a lot of horny pictures of poor Magdalenes.

We furnish only a litte boisterous good humor.

Who objects?

A BOLSHEVIK POEM

(From "Sofie Jakobowski," A Romance, by Ben King)



—Through the window, down the rope,
 The Nihilist and maid elope,
 Not a moment do they lose,
 Save to stop and light the fuse;
 Slowly on its path it crawls
 Toward the old gray castle walls,
 Past the Cossacs with their sabers
 Still at rest from recent labors,
 And the noble body guard
 They are snoring just as hard.
 A flash! A roar! and Moscow rumbles
 And the Tower of Ivan tumbles.
 Up skyhigh went Godstad Pfooski
 Ivan Rurik Romanooski,
 Also little Moses Kahn
 Of the village of Kazan,
 Vladimir and Max Pulaski,
 Peter Ulric and Hydraski,
 Isaac Ozam of Torique,
 One Jim Bogado, a Greek,
 And a soldier, Peter Henski
 Of the noted Prebojenski,
 Kutuseff and Federovitch,
 Little No Account Von Stovich,
 Seizendorf and Jake Zebatski,
 Romanoff and Ruffonratski,
 This is but the half of them:
 Herr Von Freitag Stobelpem,
 Izawisky and Tschenimsky,
 Waronetzki and Chewbim-ski,
 And two Svenska yentlemen,
 Yohn and Olie Petersen.

**THERE IS MORE FUN THAN ALCOHOL IN THE
DRUG BUSINESS**

Our bosom friend, August Kraut, of the Cleveland City Council sent his little boy Cornelius to the drug store the other day to get a roll of toilet paper.

Th drug clerk was a grass-green, apple-cheeked kiddo fresh from Pharmacy School. He was an ambitious gook and had taken thoroughly to heart the lesson on Page 1 of the Pharmacy School Primer, which reads: "if you haven't got what they want, **GIVE THEM SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.**"

Cornelius tripped in and lisped in his innocent voice, "Sir, I should like a roll of toilet paper, double strength for father."

The clerk spent fifteen minutes looking over his shelves.

"Sorry little boy," he finally announced, "we haven't any more toilet paper. Won't sand paper do?"

* * *

"THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH"

A girlie walked across the street,
She had trouble with her feet,
She stopped on the corner to tie her shoe—
And the wind blew up Fifth Avenue !

Said the Sentator from Texas to the Senator from Utah,
"It must be hard to be a Mormon."

TOPICAL TROPES

Being a series of limericks on current subjects

by Ignatz Levi O'Flaherty,

(Hot Dog Shipping Clerk and Poet)



THE UNEMPLOYMENT CONFERENCE

There was an unfortunate slob
Who was badly in need of a job
Instead of employment
He got the enjoyment
Of hearing Economists sob.

HOME RULE IN IRELAND

Six millions of Patricks and Mikes
Are armed with shillalahs and spikes;
Instead of their right,
They were given a fight—
But that's what an Irishman likes.

* * *

NOVEMBER 8TH

Election time once more is here,
The great indoor sport of the year;
The tariffs and taxes
Don't bother my axis—
All I ask of congress is BEER!

* * *

AUTOS MAKE WHITEWINGS JOB EASIER

A lonesome traveling man strolled out of the lobby
of the Hotel Winton in Cleveland not long ago.

Cleveland is a wicked and heartless city and very
unsocial.

The traveling man ogled pleasant smiles to right and
left, but no one even stopped to talk about the weather
with him.

Finally he approached a whitewing.

"This sure is a one-horse town," he remarked.

"You wouldn't think so if you had my job," replied
the street cleaner.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

By Allan Seeger

(Editor's Note: Last month we printed a war poem by a Canadian soldier poet who fell in battle, Lt. Col. John McCrae of Montreal. This month we print the work of another fallen hero, a young American who was killed in 1916 at Belloy-en-Santerre while fighting with the Foreign Legion, which he had joined in Paris. Allan Seeger was but 28 years old when his mystic rendezvous was fulfilled. He was a graduate of Harvard and former editor of the Harvard Monthly. He had made many exquisite translations from Dante and Ariosto. He is the most typical descendant of the Spartan soldier-poets the modern world has ever produced.

In the midst of our hilarity, let us pause, like strong men to shed a tear for Allan Seeger.



I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It will be he shall take my hand
And lead me into that dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him still—
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope or battered hill,
When Spring comes around again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH—(Cont.)

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear—
But I've a rendezvous with death
At midnight in some flaming town;
When Spring trips North again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail my rendezvous.

MATRIMONIAL ARITHMETIC

A friend of ours not long ago met a college chump whom he hadn't seen for about a year on the street.

"Well if it isn't Old." said our friend, "who used to give the campus chippies the eloquent wink with me down at Okmulgee University." How you been, old timer? Gettin' much these days?

"Gettin' hell. I'm a married man. Been married for a year.

"Well, congratulations to the new ball and chain toter. No family yet, I hope.

"No family, hell. Family of 10."

"Here! What you talking about. You shock my virtuous instincts. Married a year and a family of 10. Where d'ye get that stuff."

"It's just as I tell you. My wife's one and I'm nothing.

Many a woman flees temptation with leaden feet.



Callimachus Balzoff, the Hot Dog Genius.

Here it is, dear readers. On the following page you will find the world-famous classic, translated from low Russian, which we promised you last month,

THE GARBAGE MAN'S DAUGHTER

OR

NEARLY JAZZED TO DEATH

Dancing and Debauchery - *Virtue and Vermin*

THE GARBAGE MAN'S DAUGHTER

or

Nearly Jazzed to Death.

Chapter I

Mary Schimkola, a Polock Broad was sitting on her doorstep in the cool of the evening chewing her Mail Pouch.



The sun was sinking in the sink. The birds were twittering "twat twat." The little fishes were flying home to their nests. The cows were ruminating in the back yard and otherwise encouraging the grass to grow.

In the kitchen was the father of our heroine, Boris Schimkola, a poor but dishonest Garbage Man. Tired from his day's toil, the good man was taking his deserved recreation by lamming his wife gracefully with a meat-ax.

In one of the outhouses, the Right Rev. Ivan Schimkola, president of the local branch of the Blue Law League of America was reading the latest number of Hot Dog.

Before I go on with my story, I want you, dear reader, to have a vivid picture in your mind of this delightful domestic scene. Picture the lovely broad, the pock-marked and sweet-tempered father, the meek mother—and above all, the ax! Are you not moved by this delicate tableau? Neither am I.



Chapter II

Enter the villian. Igor Mulcahy was the son of the president of the First National Bank of Omsk, Nebraska (the ham-like hamlet which is the locale of this moral romance.) Igor was quite a banker on his own account. He could bank the fourteen ball across side as often as nine times out of ten. Upon his face and all over his

person were the evidences of his dissipated life. His vest pocket was full of matches. His coat pocket contained his monthly report from the barber college which he attended, showing a grade of only 96% in differential calculus.

The villian was dressed in the height of fashion. He wore a pair of jaunty mail-order pants, an immaculate rubber collar and shiny frock coat. He was the idol of all the gold diggers of Omsk. Many a poor but unsophisticated working girl of Omsk had been snared into his clutches. His method of ruining the pitiful creatures was to lure them to a notorious haunt of sin called O'-Grady's Jazz Parlors, where he would dance with them until the town curfew rang at eight-thirty. After leaving the resort of infamy, he would buy his victim an ice cream soda, take her home, and leave her remorselessly at the door without even kissing her good night. Verily, the man had a heart of stone.

At the time that our story opens, he was cautiously approaching the lovely Bohunk.

"Good evening, my dear," said he in a honeyed voice, how's business?"

"Rotten," she replied, "the goofs around this county seat seem to think that a lady's services arn't worth over two-bits an hour."

He sat himself on the doorstep, sidled up to Mary and whispered insidiously into her ear.

"Darling, your life is so empty. You have never had a chance to realize yourself. Come with me tonight to O'Grady's Jazz Parlors and chase your blues away on the wings of the Light Fantastic."

"But," queried the unsuspecting damsel, "is the place respectable?"

"Oh, to be sure. Only government-bonded raisin jack is sold on the premises, and....."

Suddenly appeared upon the scene the girl's grandfather, Rev. Ivan Schimkola. Righteous anger was flashing in his eyes. He was bent on protecting his kin.

"Avaunt, hound that thou art," cried he, "how dare you darken this door? How dare you intrude your vile person into this haven of happiness, this dump of delight, to besmirch yon unpolluted lily? Begone at once or I'll knock you for a Gool!"

Thereat the villian pulled a dirk from his pocket and stabbed the noble reverend right in the Kishkes.

Mary screamed, thinking her grandfather was indeed dead, for had she not learned in her Sixth Grade physiology that the Kishkes were the most vital organs in the human anatomy? ...

But nay! Providence had intervened. The point of the dagger had passed through the old man's coat, through his dirty undershirt and deflected against a bottle of 140-proof White Mule which the minister had in his pocket. Saved! ..

Chapter III

The plot thickens. The good reverend was not indeed stabbed, but another tragedy ensued. The bottle was broken by the dagger thrust and the precious and high-powered mule juice dripped its sad life away on the sidewalk. Rev. Schmikola, old and wearied by his labors for

virtue, could not resist the potent fumes and he fainted dead away.



Seeing the coast clear, the villian grasped the beautiful gold digger firmly around her Epiglottis, whisked her into his Ford sedan and in five minutes they were parked in front of O'Grady's Jazz Parlors.

"Aha, my proud beauty," snarled the villian, "this night you shall indeed jazz with me!"

But as they approached the hall, he noticed a sign on the door:

O'GRADY'S JAZZ PARLORS
Converted into
THE FIRST METHODISTERIAN CHURCH
Mike O'Grady, Pastor,
By Order of the Blue Law League of America.

At sight of this, the rascal discerned that the hand of Providence indeed was in this affair, and burst into tears.

His villiany melted away like manure under the rays

of the kindly sun. He became as noble as he had been terrible.

"Darling," he blurbed, "we shall not jazz tonight. We shall get married. Will you?"

"Oh my hero!" she snagged, and keeled over onto his coal-black neck.

An hour later, Pastor O'Grady had united them into the holy brass bands of matrimony.

They are now living happily in a beautiful flat next door to a glue factory.

The whilom villian has a steady job as an orchestra leader in a morgue. Every Saturday night he gives his wife his pay and two black eyes.

MORAL: Heaven will protect the Working Girl.

* * *

THE LINOTYPER'S ERROR

(From the Concord, N. H. Patriot, Sept. 25, 1921)

Miss Phyllis Osgood is back from a business strip to New York.

* * *

The poor spinster... She dreamt she was married and woke up in the morning and found there was nothing in it.

Whoever named them landlords sure took the name of the Lord in vain.

Take this to your County Clerk and ask him to fill it out for you--then run.

Bootleg

License

Date.....

No.....



WHEREAS we, the authorities of.....County, in the state of..... recognize the necessity of all human beings to tittillate their innards at frequent intervals with some one or other of the forms of liquid nourishment stronger than milk, and

WHEREAS, we the authorities and grand gazooks of this commonwealth consider Mr. Volstead of Minnesota to be not a Great Legislator but a Horse's Tail,

THEREFORE we grant hereby to Brother..... of.....the sovereign right to distil, create, market, vend, pour and treat in the liquids known by various handles such as Hootch, Mule Juice, Elixir of Corn, Embalming Fluid, Home Brew, Death's Friend, Sweet Spirits of Raisin, Joy Oil, Lady Tempter and Bottled Heaven.

PROVIDING that the grantee of this license leave a sample of his wares weekly—for inspection only—with the mayor, county clerk and board of aldermen.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have this day subscribed our hands, but for God's sake burn the papers.



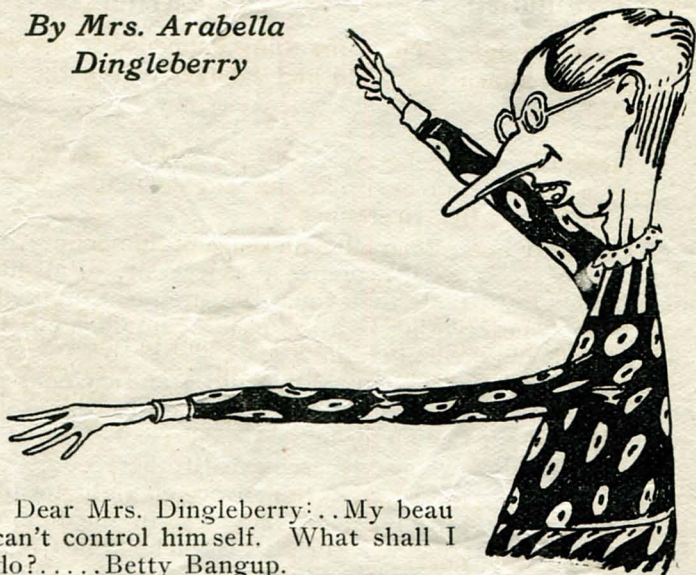
.....
Mayor

.....
County Clerk

.....
Sheriff

Advice To The Lovelorn

*By Mrs. Arabella
Dingleberry*



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry:..My beau
can't control him self. What shall I
do?.....Betty Bangup.

Marry him.

* * *

Millie Merkle: I think it was excusable—but haul him
to a preacher right away or you will be Ruined.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry:..What is a humdinger?.....
Art R. Sole.

A humdinger is a fellow who can make a deaf and
dumb girl holler "Attaboy."

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: How can I keep milk from
turning sour?.....Mrs. Gump.

Leave it in the cow.

Sally Slush: According to etiquette, he should not have touched you on the piazza.

* * *

Fanny Fudge: The same thing happened to me when I was seventeen years old and I haven't been the same since.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I hit my sweetie on the head with a shovel and he broke our engagement. Was he justified?.....Beatrice Bunck.

Certainly not. Men have no sense of humor.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: The lady to whom I am affianced is known as the dirtiest woman in our town. She boasts that she hasn't taken a bath since Grover Cleveland died. Shall I marry her?.....Sammy Smirkovitch.

Why not? You don't have to sleep with her.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: How can I keep fish from smelling?.....Mrs. Hagrider.

Cut off their noses.

* * *

Dainty Doris: Such questions as yours shock my modesty.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I was out with a young man last night. He took me to a three dollar show, bought me a wine-supper, took me home in a taxicab and left me on my doorstep without even asking to kiss me good-night. Wasn't he a perfect cavalier?.....Henrietta Hotstuff.

They don't call 'em cavaliers any more, Henrietta. They call 'em suckers.

* * *

Indiscreet Inez: Your alarms may be baseless, write me again in thirty days.

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL

by William Makepeace Thackeray.

(Editor's Note: Many people do not know that Thackeray, the greatest novelist any country has yet produced, was also a writer of exquisite light verse a club-man and a real guy. It is profoundly true that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men, for Thackeray is surely the deepest student of human nature who ever put pen to paper. He was for some years the editor of Punch, where this poem appeared.

The Pope he is a happy man
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can,
The Pope he is a happy man;
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And there's the Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Sultan full of sin,
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased,
I've often wished, I hope no sin
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no—the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes,
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him:
My wife, my wine I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk or Pope.

Many of the stories in Hot Dog will move you, but not
to tears.

IF—

by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

* * *

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

* * *

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

THE LEGACY OF THE PURITANS

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

What is the origin of the Blue Law Sentiment? How did it get into America?

I was browsing around my library the other night and made some researches.

There petered into America 200 years ago a trail of the most cussed hatchetfaces that ever snooped around the earth, the Seventeenth Century Roundheads of Old England.

It was of these bilious blurbers that the historian Macaulay said, "They hated bear hunting not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the hunter."

As soon as they got to America, they began to burn witches and to pillory men for whistling on Sunday.

One of their great leaders was the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, who wrote thus: "The bulk of mankind is reserved for burning."

A little New England boy named Sewell committed suicide 250 years ago because his conscience told him he was surely going to Hell because he whittled a stick on Sunday.

The Declaration of Independence was not signed by any of these Roundheads or their descendants.

Washington liked a little brandy and smiled on the plantation girls. Jefferson, Morris, Hamilton were cosmopolitans, gentlemen, liberals and regular fellows.

Our sancitmonious legislators, who with an eye on the crossroads vote, have been passing so many restrictive laws lately, have forgotten the Americanism of Washington and adopted the Hell-now-and-hereafter-also policy of Jonathan Edwards.

Which do we prefer in our country?

You tell 'em.

* * *

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES

The sweet little boy with the golden curls went into the drug store.

"Please Mister," he lisped, "papa sent me down to get some liniment and some cement."

"Liniment and cement?" asked the druggist, "what a queer combination. What does your father want them for?"

"Well you see sir, mother rapped him over the koko with the pot that's under their bed."

* * *

OO LA LA PERCY!

There is a lounge-lizard named Powers,
Whose virtue is greater than ours:

He drinks not and smokes not,

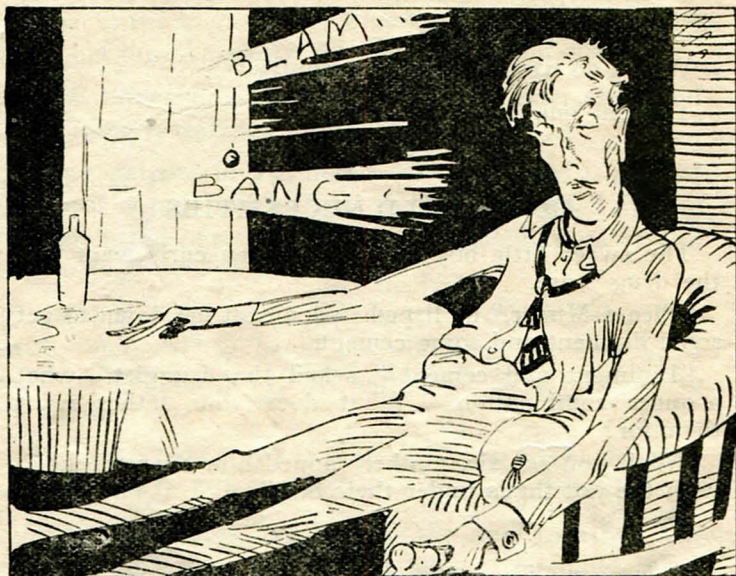
He swears not and jokes not—

But oh, how the darling loves flowers.

The nervous groom: He got balled up and kissed the preacher and handed the bride five dollars.

THE RAVIN' RAVEN

(With Apologies to Edgar Allan Poe and Anthony Comstock)



Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered weak and weary
O'er an empty quart of bootleg and was wishing
there were more,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
Sounding like some female rapping,
Rapping like the very devil
Just without my chamber door;
'Tis some Broad, thought I, who's wishin'
To my room to gain admission;
Well, I'll rise and let her enter,
Even though she prove a bore—
Only that and nothing more.

Then I opened wide the portal
And thereat stood such a mortal,
As in all my wildest fancies I had never seen before;
She had lost her outer garments,
And of all the vampin' varmits,
She was sure the hottest baby that a woman ever bore;
And her palpitating hinder
Made me want to wear a blinder,
And my spirits rose within me
As I opened wide the door—
Yes— my spirits rose within me—
As they rise now nevermore!

Ah, how well do I remember,
'Twas the thirteenth of December—
'Twas the fourteenth when she left me—
And I've seen her nevermore.

* * *

SHE CAME TO CINCINNATI TO BE EDUCATED

A festive gayboy of our acquaintance who lives in Cincinnati, having been newly introduced to a demure thing from the Kentucky hills, invited her to supper.

"Name what you'd like," said he, "anything your little heart desires is yours."

"You're awful generous," quavered the Maid of the Mountains. "I'll tell you what, I'd like some seafood. I've never had any in all my life."

"Fine indeed," assented the Cincinnati youth. "How about some crabs?"

"Crabs!" returned the maiden, "Crabs! Why—can they really cook those little bits of things?"

A fool and his money are soon married.



Ethel Clayton, of Paramount, who is said to have the most expressive face of any of the movie stars.

THE MOVIE RAMBLER

By Harry McMurray

Most of us like the movies. And we should. The movies are a healthy amusement for a healthy people.

There are pretty girls in the movies, and handsome men; and good old-fashioned custard-pie fun.

Now don't let the highbrows talk you out of your taste for the motion picture. A bevy of bespectacled cookoos who yelp that they love Art (what they really love are the behind-the-door amusements that are always operating big in artistic circles) dissuade you from the photoplay on the ground that it is inartistic.

Crapo!

Fashions in art come and go. But the healthy response of the eye to a nice, round little wench is eternal. So is the human interest in human sentiments.

If you saw Charlie Chaplin's *The Kid* you will know what I am talking about when I use the words Human Interest.

There was more genius and histrionic ability in this movie than all the deep dumpology by Checkoslovak Shakespeares read in the Womens' Clubs of America in a year.

It takes positive genius to combine the oil and water of pathos and slapstick fun so that they will not jar. Chaplin does it splendidly.

The Kid is the best, the most finely-finished thing we have ever seen on a screen.

EXAMPLE OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH
ANECDOTE

His grace, the Duke of Marlborough was once entertaining twenty-seven guests at a high dinner in the ancestral castle.

As the guests assembled at the board, it was noticed that there were only twenty-six portions of roast beef.

"Aha," said the Duke, quick as a flash, "I see one of us will have to go without roast beef."

The guests laughed uproariously at the excellent witticism.

WHAT'S THE HURRY, DOC?



Another clergyman of our acquaintance, a prominent member of the Illinois Reform Bureau, went out walking on the prairie one night.

He slipped on something a cow had deposited and fell into a deep hole.

He couldn't get out and began to cry frantically for help.

One of his parishioners, an old hardshell Scotchman, came along.

"Help, McPherson, help me out," cried the man of God.

"Wherefore be ye makin' sae mickle blather?" asked the Scot. Ye won't be needed until Sunday and 'tis only Wednesday night."

THE LOVE OF HUMANKIND IN THIS REMARK- ABLE WILL

The following document, pronounced by lawyers and laymen alike as the most remarkable will ever made by man, was left as his last will and testament by Charles Lounsbury, who died insane in the Cook County Asylum at Dunning, Ill.

I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this, my will.

My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item—I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item—I devise to boys jointly all the useful fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. All the meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without any incumbrance of care.

Item—To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need; as the stars of the sky; the red roses by the wall; the bloom of the hawthorne; the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item:—To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

* * *

Little Ignatz's idea of the best job on earth: Door-keeper in a ladies' turkish bath house.

From the Bald Knob (Ark.) Eagle

A jolly group of our young couples went on a picture-taking expedition Sunday that resulted in many exposures and a very enjoyable time.

THEY'RE ALL THE SAME, BOYS.

They are telling this one all over Ohio on the Rev. William Bulger of Havertown, who makes his living wolfing rural goofs at Chautauquas with a lecture entitled "The Demon Rum."

Last spring he was playing Galion, Ohio and, on the entertainment committee which was to take care of him, was a local lady, the wife of the postmaster, who was a real Good Scout if there ever was one. She shall be nameless here.

At the supper which was given for the rev. gent after his windfest, the lady had arranged that the holy one should be served with brandied peaches. They were to be called, however, simply "condiments."

When dessert came at the end of the supper, the stage was all set.

The orator consumed one of the peaches with great gusto.

Then another one.

Then another one.

Fifteen of 'em, one after another the old geek downed.

"Such excellent fruit indeed!" he chortled.

Finally it was evident that even his capacious stomach was full to bursting.

"Won't you have just one more condiment, Dr. Bulger?" tantalizingly asked Mrs.....

"Thank you, no," replied the windjammer, "but I will have some more of the gravy."

THE ARBUCKLE CASE

(An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore)

We have received a number of letters asking us to make some comment on the Fatty Arbuckle scrape.

We do not care to do it.

There is nothing funny about the Arbuckle case.

It is merely a grisly piece of sensationalism, a whiff from the dump.

It has interest only for morbid, debauched minds.

This kind of stuff has no resemblance to the healthy belly laughter in which we indulge.

It is a French tickler for sick temperaments. It is read not by good fellows, but by sex-starved Deaconesses in church basements.

It is a backside exhaust for repressed instincts.

The same kind of people who go in for anti-beer agitations, anti-tobacco agitations, Purity Leagues, Lords Day Alliances and other such holier-than-thou hash eagerly devour such nasty scandals.

This magazine wants nothing to do with the Arbuckle case.

A PARAPHRASE OF CAESAR

By Ignatz Levi O'Flaherty

("Let me have men about me that are fat," Julius Caesar in Shakespeare's play of that name.)

Let me have girls about me that are plump,
I do not like the lean and soulful type;
Ladies of ample bust and rounded rump,
Let me have girls about me that are plump,
The kind you find in any dollar dump,
Whose charms are overblown and rotten-ripe—
Let me have girls about me who are plump.



A bachelor girl is
a woman who has
never been married



An old maid is a
woman who has
never been married
nor anything :: ::



Perhaps the
man
who named
Athol, Mass.
lisped.
